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Title: Ride with Me

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She blew out a candle  
and then closed her eyes  
and dreamed the dream  
that she'd had before,  
of a Knight on a stallion  
who came like a ghost  
from a twilight shore.  
He cantered across her

dream like a sonnet.  
The wind, it played in his  
hair like a song.  
It was the color of his  
golden horse's mane, and  
just as wild, but not so  
long.

Ride.  
Through her dream he did  
ride.  
And oh, how she longed  
to be by his side  
As through her dream he  
did ride.

Even before the first  
rays of golden light,  
Has come to herald the  
dawn,  
She rose to her window,  
As faintly a shadow  
Streaked across the land,  
and then he was gone.

And just as the first  
rays of green, red, and  
golden light gave way  
to a pink sunrise,  
the shadow emerged at  
the crest of a mountain;  
a horse and a rider  
silhouetted against the

sky.  
Ride.  
She saw him ride. It

was not a dream.  
Her eyes had not lied.  
She did see him ride.

Even before the first

rays of golden light  
had brought forth another  
dawn  
there was no woman who  
rose to her window.  
Her bed was bare.  
And her horse was gone.  
And just as the first

rays of green, red and  
golden light gave way to  
a new sunrise,  
two shadows emerged at  
the crest of the  
mountain;  
upon their horses against  
the sky.

Ride.  
Behind him she'll ride,  
until when at last,  
she comes up by his side;  
Together they'll ride.  
Together they'll ride  
Through the hills, far and  
wide.

Dedicated to Ren the  
Conjurer: Ride with me,  
my love.